

CHAPTER IV

Fishing—Search for a *fulla*—A leopard gets away—Africa's other face—
Driving with flames at our heels—Tali—Amadi—In the Lado basin—
Modern slavery—Mud instead of water—Tindilti—The Niambara—
Amadi again—The Niamusa and their smith—Hunting with a net—
An old African—I give the Moru a feast.

WE are again on board. It is five o'clock. An hour later the sun goes down and shoals of large fish begin to feed quite close to the boat. I put out the lines and in a very short time catch a quantity of catfish up to fifteen pounds in weight and two fish similar to burbot.

Next morning we are wakened by an ear-splitting din. It sounds as if people were beating large tin plates. Mingled with it is a lively hubbub of voices. I jump out of bed and witness an extraordinary spectacle. Some hundred yards from the sailing-boat lies a rest-house with a corrugated iron roof. An inspector who is passing through with his numerous servants is staying there. The servants are now busy under his direction hunting bats with long sticks and a great hullabaloo. The creatures had taken up their abode under the roof without permission from the Government and are being routed out by the warlike official. Kites hurry up from all sides and snap up the bats in mid-air as they escape from the men's sticks. Among the soldiers, who are obviously afraid of the little things, some superstition or other is at work. In this connection one sometimes meets with the queerest beliefs. The Sudanese, for example, think that the gecko, a harmless lizard in the south, shoots the tip of its tail at people and whoever is struck by it goes blind. They have, therefore, a profound respect for this nice little reptile.

The post steamer has just moored at Shambe. Several passengers have made a trip to Rejaf. They have been bored stiff on board, as the fourteen days' voyage from Khartoum to Rejaf is monotonous and it happened to be night when they passed the one spot where hundreds of elephants were to be seen in the papyrus. At this moment a Dinka comes and offers crocodiles' eggs for sale. They look like ducks' eggs but have thinner shells. The mother crocodile buries many hundreds of them in the sand every year and they are hatched out by the sun. As the eggs taste very much like hens' eggs, they are highly relished and eagerly collected by the negroes. This is something for the tourists' appetite for sensation. They crowd round the man and outbid each other to buy the dainty. The Dinka, a born business man like almost all negroes, knows how to make the most of his advantage and smiling contentedly he sells the eggs at four times their proper price. Next day we travel to rest-house number one, to examine more closely the chances of filming. The Dinka who undertakes to guide us is an intelligent-looking man and, as we soon discover, lives up to his appearance. Machulka follows me with two porters. The guide had described a large open sheet of water at some two hours' distance from the rest-house. We march for three hours in the midday heat and all we see is a channel of water a yard wide. I ask about that large open sheet. "Here it is," he says, "it stretches away for four hours to the Nile. The animals all drink from it." My hopes vanish once again. We examine the khor casually. The grass has been trodden down everywhere by buffaloes, elephants, rhinoceroses and antelopes. An ideal hunting ground. But what is the use of sitting by the water at night with flashlight apparatus when the animals spread out over such a long stretch to drink? By day too it is impossible to film because one cannot advance silently through the high grass with a heavy camera on one's back, and in any case the dense bush spoils every view. Another of those occasions where the hunter is sure of a full

bag while the photographer goes away empty. We turn back thoroughly disgruntled. Suddenly the cry of baboons strikes our ears. I follow them some way into the bush and come to a pool where a quantity of birds are playing, among them Nesyts storks, ducks and geese. Vultures have perched on the trees and are greedily eyeing a certain spot among the bushes. I want to go back to get my gun, for it looks as if some member of the cat family is near and has just killed an animal. Then I observe my two porters fifty yards away. They have seen me and shout, with wild gesticulations, some unintelligible words in their language. I send one of them back for my gun and examine the ground. The head of a baboon that has just been torn to pieces is lying near the tracks of the ill-doer's flight. It was a splendid leopard that had been driven off by my two men. The second Dinka explains to me in broken Arabic that he saw a "lion." It was difficult to drive away and at last disappeared slowly in the grass. Angry, I turn back and learn that the man on the look-out had stupidly sent the two porters forward to chase the leopard away and get the meat of its victim. The leopard has escaped and no amount of cursing will bring it back! In a roaring temper I set out for home but can only hobble along. I had got a few trifling wounds in the feet which, after the hurried march in pursuit of the elands, are now beginning to fester and hurt badly. In addition I am much weakened through a slight attack of dysentery and fever. As the place I was to visit was, according to the guide's account, so near the rest-house I had taken neither food nor water with me. My thirst is by now unbearable in the muggy swamp atmosphere. My tongue lies like an insensible lump in my mouth, my lips are white and swollen. I shall not easily forget this trip. I get back to the rest-house after sunset half dead. Unable to think, I fling myself on the ground. Machulka has not fared much better. But he brings a quart bottle of brandy which he always has with him as a medicine. We are neither of us

drinkers, but this time the bottle is welcome and we empty it together in ten minutes. Any normal man in Europe would be laid out by such a quantity, but it only has the effect of pulling me together and I drive the car on to Shambe. I fall into bed tired out. But sleep will not come. The minutes drag past as heavy as lead. I hear every sound of the swamp; the slow waking of Nature, otherwise so enchanting, seems endless. How different Africa looks now! I am making the acquaintance of its other face; I begin to understand the complaints of many a European living here. The silver moonlight is grey and colourless to him, the gloriously shining sun mere heat. It is no longer the healer, the creator of food, it is a blaze that kills. The grunt of the hippopotamus bores into his marrow, the merry voices of the birds embitter his sleep and the hum of myriads of mosquitoes drives him crazy. Wide awake, bathed in sweat, he tosses this way and that on his bed the whole night long. If the attack of fever is bad, so much the better, for his fancy conjured up all kinds of delightful pictures. He sees his homeland and his family and, like an opium-smoker, all the questions that oppress him seem easy and soluble. But how painful the reaction! Weak and condemned to the unintelligent nursing of the natives—how heavily his loneliness weighs on him! That is Africa's other face, the face of pitiless Nature. The country looks quite different from the deck of the steamer, when jolly, laughing natives offer their queer utensils for sale and the swamp sails past the moving ship.

After a while I recover on board the *nuger* and am visited by several inspectors from the district. All of them tell me as the latest achievement that the Government has just built a road between Terrakekka and Rejaf, so that one can drive from Amadi to Rejaf by car. It is another direction, however, that attracts me: I want to go towards the Azande on the Congo border. Powerful Sultans with courts of their own rule in the district of Meridi and Yambio; the Niam-Niam

who live there are cannibals of high culture and their fine wrought work and wood-carving are famous throughout the Sudan. I should like to see them.

The car is carefully loaded. Over three and a half hundredweight of petrol must be taken, as the distance is long and the roads bad. Water too, for we shall often have to cross waterless stretches several hundred miles wide. Everything is at last packed, two men sit on the baggage, Machulka is beside me and I am at the wheel. The springs are so heavily pressed down that the body has less than an inch of play. Again and again the wood scrapes the tyres. However carefully I drive, this rubbing is not to be avoided. Suddenly a bang! One of the tyres has burst. A pretty outlook for the trip! With a sinking heart I change the wheel. We spend the night at Gnop and then proceed towards Tali. Now begins a dose of purgatory. The roads grow worse and worse, the bridges are tumbledown affairs and two of them collapse behind us. On a third we come to a standstill. The car breaks through (Fig. 42). In despair we try with our united strength to lift it out, but the wheels only bury themselves deeper. We have to unload and raise the car with the jack. After sweating for two hours in the midday heat we have got so far that we can load up and jog along again. Now all at once the road stops and we have to drive cautiously through the high grass. The next thing, we sniff burning. It is a grass fire and we are obliged to pass very close to it. The heat is almost unendurable and the wind carries tufts of burning grass on to the car. I accelerate and drive as fast as the uneven ground permits, for it is beginning to burn immediately behind us. The air is hot, and when I think of our stack of petrol tins and the boxes of films I get hotter still. We reach the river. The water comes up to the engine so that I am anxious about the engine-block. On the opposite side a hundred yards of fine river sand are waiting for us and of course we stick. Fortunately there are some natives near by fetching water. They

lend us a hand and we get over the place. The dried-up acacias have now disappeared and sapful evergreens give the landscape a different stamp. Palms are common here too. One of them is so overgrown by a parasite that it almost vanishes in the embrace of its huge guest. Enormous trees with a great array of aerial roots invite us to rest. But we are no novices in Africa and know that scorpions, poisonous spiders and snakes live in the hollows of the trees and would be sure to pay us a visit.

At last we arrive at Tali. This is the Mongalla Province of the Sudan. All the officials had told us that to reach Rejaf we must take the route by way of Amadi. Here we see to our surprise that a new road had been opened a year before leading direct to Terrakekka. We go all the same to Amadi, to proceed from there to Yambio, because villages of another people, the Moru, lie to right and left of that road. They are quite different from the Nilotes. Their skin is brown, they are small, broadly built and short-legged. Always good-humoured and jolly, they greet the car everywhere with loud cries. The girls in particular distinguish themselves, squealing and laughing with sheer *joie de vivre*. The women wear a curious apron of fruits and pieces of bone tied round their hips. Strings of coloured beads adorn their necks and heavy brass or iron rings their ankles. Yet we also see many sick people among them. It is clear that we are in one of the most unhealthy parts of Africa. Numerous cases of elephantiasis, a disease that produces a grotesque swelling of single parts of the body, abundant signs of tertiary syphilis, and here and there a face hideously eaten away by leprosy, enlist our sympathy. We learn later that sleeping sickness, malaria, blackwater fever and especially dysentery decimate the population here every year. It is rarely that one finds a region in Africa where all these diseases are to be met with at the same time.

Eventually we arrive at Amadi, formerly the administrative centre of the Lado enclave. This land has an

interesting past. A year before Lord Kitchener took Omdurman, it was occupied by the Congo Free State. The Congo at that time was a private undertaking under Belgian protection and an extraordinary rabble of European adventurers and scoundrels collected and enriched themselves in the conquered territory by exporting ivory in quantities. King Leopold II of Belgium being the principal shareholder in the company, the officials were able to allow themselves liberties to which the Government would otherwise have put a stop. After the fall of Omdurman, international treaties were signed, according to which all districts up to the watershed of the Nile were assigned to the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan. An exception was made of this enclave, which was to remain subject to the Congo till King Leopold's death and only then fall to the Sudan. The Belgians, knowing that the enclave would be lost to them, exploited the land with every refinement of ingenuity and avoided spending anything on roads or such improvements. During this period the enclave was a paradise for a host of shady characters. Elephant hunters in particular had an easy time of it. They hunted to their hearts' content in the Sudan and then escaped from the English police patrols into Belgian territory. Elephants were slaughtered by the hundred so that this area, once so rich in them, is to-day practically empty. When King Leopold died in 1909, the Belgians cleared out without waiting for the English troops. Consequently a reign of terror broke out. The chiefs whom the Belgians had set up were murdered and the tribes began to make war on each other. The stations, deserted by the Europeans, were attacked and looted. The English Governor of Mongalla, Owen Pasha, sent a handful of police which he had at his disposal to Lado, Rejaf and Kerro, but in the absence of roads he could not suppress the disorder in the south and the interior. It was only after a whole year's effort that this was achieved. The Lado enclave was then joined to the Mongalla Province and so it has remained to this day.

Bad news is in store for us at Amadi. Meridi is barred off as being a centre of sleeping sickness. Nobody is allowed to break through the barrier. While the Belgians take very few steps against the disease and so make no headway, the English have succeeded in stamping it out in some areas and very much reducing it almost everywhere. Unfortunately I am not allowed to push on further and we therefore resume our original plan of going on with the car to Torit by way of Rejaf to photograph animals in that neighbourhood.

First of all, though, I take a look round in this district. It is administered by a somewhat too energetic Commissioner. Everything is run on military lines. The people in the most out-of-the-way places jump to attention when you talk to them and salute stiffly in soldier fashion. The Sheikhs wear military uniform and have a metal plate on their arms with the name of their rank and nationality; for example, "Moru Chief No. 4" or "Niambara Under-chief." The natives wear tin discs hung round their necks suggestive of dogs' labels. The whole population is compelled to build roads. They have to leave their villages and settle along the roads. When one sees hundreds of workmen in villein-service building bridges one might imagine Ancient Egypt risen again. An immeasurable stream of people carry on their heads earth and stones that have been dug with primitive tools. Policemen go among them, driving on the slackers with whips. Every Sheikh is forced to take orders once a month at Amadi. As they often have a week's journey to reach their homes again, this means a fortnight's strenuous march every month for the Sheikhs. Those who are too old for such travelling are replaced by younger men.

At the mission stations the people are forbidden to dance and to drink *merissa*. The girls are "dressed" so successfully that the "immoral nakedness" is actually beginning to disappear and they go about in the most impossible costumes, as gaudy as parrots. Since the natives are compelled to frequent the market in the principal town, a very interesting

mixture of peoples is always gathered there. You can see Moru standing alongside Jur and Niambara to sell their durra, while Niamusa girls offer honey for sale. Arab servants pack the goods in empty petrol tins (Fig. 63).

At the rest-house in Amadi I meet a young Englishman, an ethnographer who is making studies in the Bahr el Ghazal Province. He is a charming fellow. He complains bitterly of the Commissioner and I can understand their relationship well. The one has his hands full to create the necessary respect for himself. The other, an idealist, puts himself on a level with the natives, who on that account make fun of him behind his back and think him cracked.

My hope of finding game in the neighbourhood of Amadi comes to nothing. The natives catch the animals with nets and all kinds of traps, and the meat hung up to dry outside many of their huts proves that their methods are successful. Fish is also caught in a very ingenious fashion. The men form two rows facing each other and drive the fish with nets into the intervening space. They then close the circle (Fig. 48), duck below the surface with hooks and spike the fish. If one is too big for the man to get out immediately, he detaches the hook from the wooden handle and leaves it hanging on a longish line wound round his hand.

In the evening I have an opportunity of watching a dance that is totally different from any that I have ever seen. The men form chains and execute very complicated figures before one or two girls. The girls, with rattles in their hands, chase the men backwards and forwards in an even rhythm (Fig. 55). Here as elsewhere they gradually give vent to their spirits. But whereas among the strictly moral Nilotic negroes every man withdraws with one of his own wives, these people are not so particular and the men mostly disappear with someone else's wife.

Next day we travel further. We pitch our camp near romantic cliffs in the neighbourhood of Tindilti. In other places the natives have brought water; here only an ugly

old witch comes along with a tiny bowl. The liquid in it is pitch black and smells like rotten eggs. I tell her off and she summons the Sheikh. He orders three women to go off with round earthenware pots on their heads and fetch water. Two hours elapse before they return and then the water is no cleaner than the old woman's. There is nothing for it but to make the best of the situation. Even I, though I have drunk all kinds of African "water," cannot touch this stinking mud porridge. The rest-house lies picturesquely in the hollow of a valley, shut in by groups of fantastic cliffs. The natives are Mandari, a tribe akin to the Dinka. Next morning we go on to Terrakekka. The road is, by way of an exception, excellent and we cover the distance almost as quickly as in Europe. Again the country changes. So far our way has led us through beautiful parkland with evergreen trees, but now the vegetation becomes as wretched as at Shambe. Withered, leafless acacias, dried-up grass and caked swamp without a living creature. The Nile must be somewhere near, we conclude. So it is: barely half an hour later we can make out in the distance the vast sea of rushes. We drive to the stopping-place for steamers, which is indicated by two flags, and ask the way. An effendi comes towards us. "That's the rest-house," he says, and points to a building surrounded by a green fence. "We don't want to stay. We want to go further," we answer. "Where to?" he asks, visibly astonished. "To Rejaf." "There's no steamer due." "We are going with the car by road." "Yes, but how? There is no road to Rejaf." Then it comes out that we have actually been misinformed everywhere. The road to Rejaf is only going to be built. This fact was unknown to all the inspectors, even those of the adjoining district. What should we do now? Go by steamer? But it only comes twice a month and we should run the risk of having our return cut off by the rainy season. Go to Yambio without permission? A very dangerous step, for on this point the English are not to be trifled with. I send a telegram

to the authorities at Khartoum asking for special permission to go to Yambio and saying that we shall then turn back. Until permission arrives, we can at least explore the neighbourhood of Amadi. Here too the peoples are little known and we may be able to take some really interesting photos. We halt before Tindilti and begin by visiting the Niambara. These people, tall and stately, remind one very much of the Nilotes. They are handsomely ornamented, have bows and arrows and some of them carry very pretty pipes on their backs (Fig. 60). A particularly fine one, cut from the horn of a water-buck, catches my eye. I enter into negotiations with the man and at last he is prepared to sell it. After paying the sum demanded I put my new possession in the car. Half an hour later, when we return from visiting the *tukul*, the man is there again and asks for his pipe back. He asserts that it did not belong to him, and the owner, who has just turned up, does not want to part with it. I ask what the owner wants for it. Double the price! I reply that I am sorry, but one does not go back on a sale and that one does not sell what belongs to someone else. But when the engine is started, the man jumps on to the car, snatches the pipe out of its hiding-place before I or my people can stop him and makes off with long bounding strides into the distance. Another lesson for me! Out of temper I travel on, a fooled European.

Here again water is scarce and narrow wells, up to ten yards deep, provide the natives of the district with a minimum of it. We watch how goats are watered with the help of gourds. There is many a pretty scene of family life to be seen at the wells. At one spot a girl is removing her mother's eyelashes with an enormous long dagger. How she does it without putting out the old lady's eyes is worth seeing, but unfortunately the performance is finished before I have my camera ready. But I take my stand near the well and manage to snap several interesting types. Among them is a man with advanced elephantiasis; the long arms and shapeless lower jaw make him look like an orang-outang.

In the evening we return to Tindilti, to the astonishment of the Sheikh. Foul water is brought us again, so next morning we take a look at the spring. A much-trodden path shows us the way. It is a good hour's walk there. Dirty women with water-pots sit waiting around it. I approach and soon understand their economy with the precious moisture. The springs—there are two of them—are cut deep in the rock and when they are drying up give hardly any liquid. You have to wait nearly half an hour for every gourdful of mud porridge, so long does it take to collect. Thousands of insects of all kinds whirl about in the air and cover the damp earth and the women, who scarcely attempt to keep them off. They aim especially at the mouth and eyes. Every gourdful teems with dead creatures. The women have enough to do the whole day long to collect sufficient water for cooking. What will happen to these people if the approaching rainy season does not set in soon?

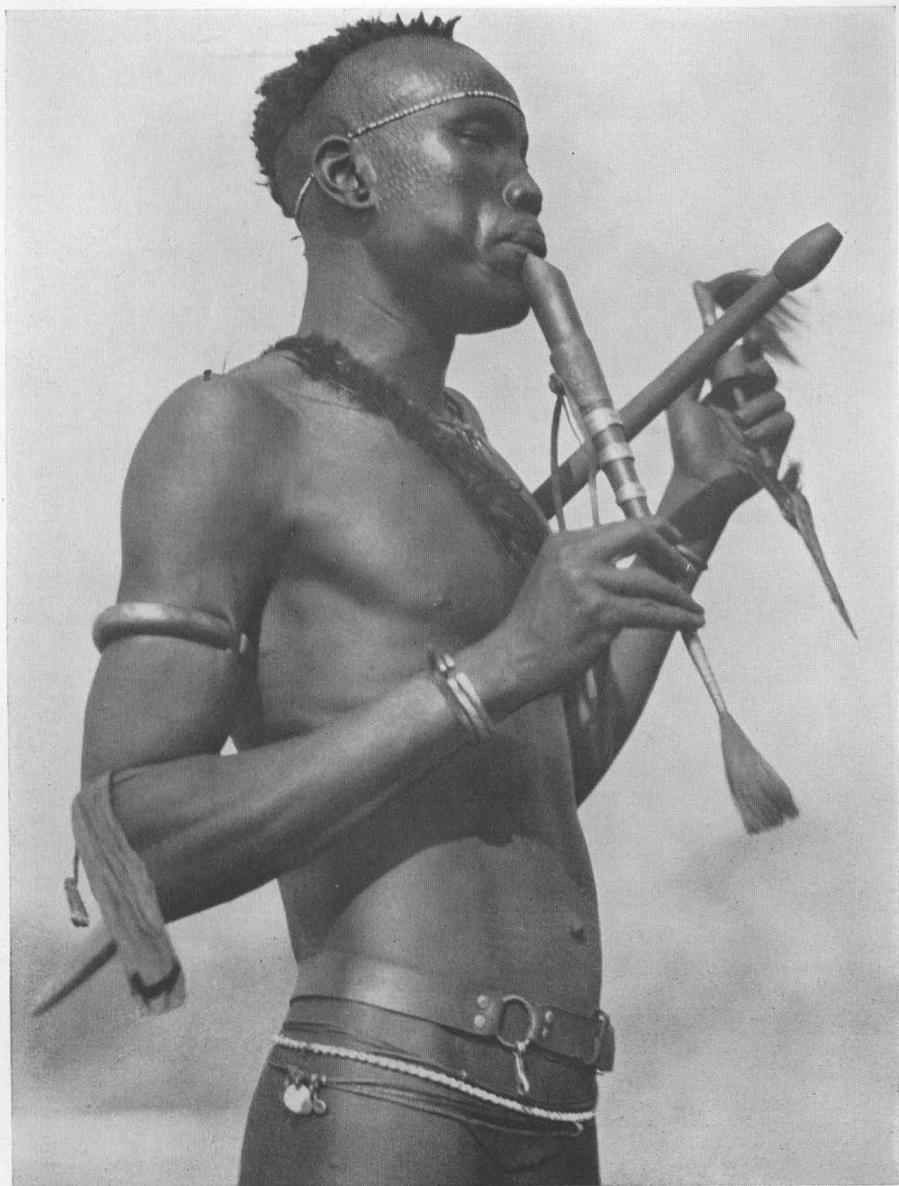
We reach a village. Only a few goats are about, the cows have all gone to the Nile. Naturally there is no game in this waterless district. We are fortunate enough to buy a man's war kit after bargaining for over an hour. Bargaining is, of course, a highly important affair among all native tribes. The fixing of a bride-price is especially worth seeing. The negotiations last for days, during which an enormous quantity of *merissa* is drunk. Innumerable reeds are heaped in groups on the ground before the parties. Each group denotes some object. A hundred reeds here represent a hundred arrow-heads, twenty-seven there stand for that number of goats, and so on. The number of cows, bulls, spears, arrows, goats and so forth is exactly and circumstantially settled. It is hard to be a bridegroom in these parts. In addition to the price paid to the father, the bridegroom must honour his bride with an ornament appropriate to her rank. The procuring of a suitable present may occupy weeks. First of all the young man must have the probable price ready; for instance, fifteen goats. With this "money" he goes to the

smith. Good smiths are rare and in great demand, so that he often has to travel for days on end with the price before reaching the place. Then follow lengthy negotiations about the metal, shape and price of the ornament and only when that is agreed upon does the smith get to work. This is no hasty business either, for the smith is naturally not going to neglect his own housework. It is exceedingly interesting to watch these smiths at their job. The metal (brass or copper) is melted in earthen crucibles, roughly shaped and finally cut in the most primitive manner with queer tools. Astonishingly fine ornaments are often produced in this way. But the happy bridegroom sits meanwhile, day in, day out, beside the master and watches the work progressing.

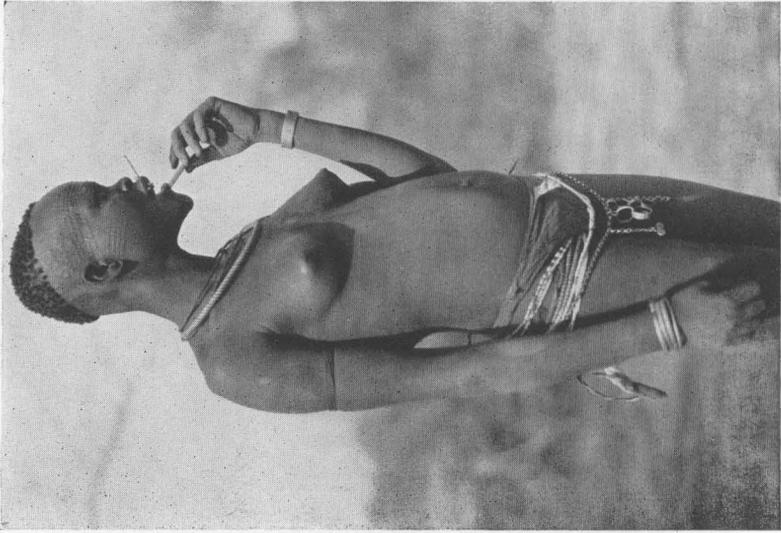
Once more our way leads through a wide, waterless tract of country. I learn that admission to the district west of Lake Rudolf, which we had previously proposed to visit, is now allowed again. My permission to go there had been withdrawn at Khartoum on account of disturbances which had broken out among the tribes. Three companies of soldiers had, as a matter of fact, been sent. Imagine their surprise when the supposedly rebellious population came out to meet them from all sides, offering eggs and poultry for sale! Two companies turned back, the third remained for a time in the district.

In any case we will visit the Niamusa. They have much in common with the Jur of the north; like them they are definitely a mixed people without uniform type, some of them being brown, others black. One comes across squat persons, similar to the Moru, side by side with long-legged ones of Nilotic stock. They are very skilful in laying traps, in which they catch all kinds of antelopes and even buffaloes, as is proved by the numerous horns with which they beautify their graves. Quantities of dried meat are hung up before each village. I come to a head Sheikh to whom the whole district had once been subject. The Government deposed him and gave his rank to his son, while they assigned to him

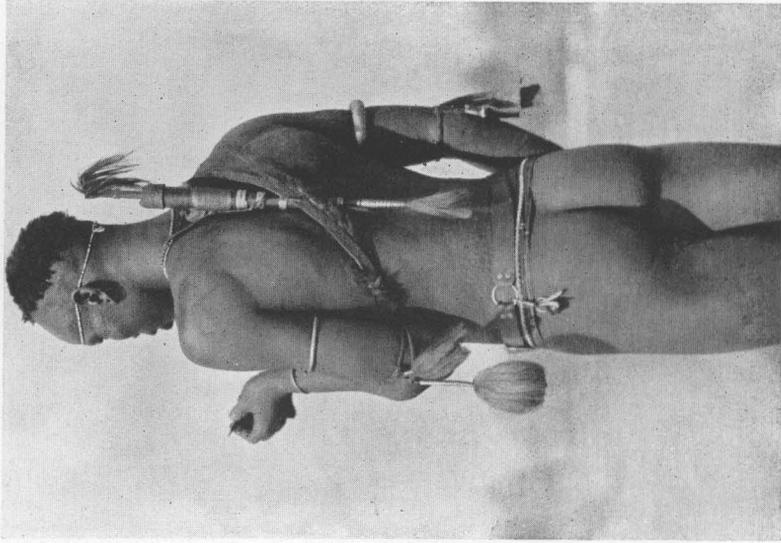
a bodyguard of several policemen for his "protection." I pass many Sheikhs' graves, each of them decorated with two rings in a round piece of wood. It is remarkable that every one of these Sheikhs should have killed precisely two enemies. I inquire of the old Sheikh if there is a smith here. "No, but on your return journey, a day's march from Amadi, you will find one." At every place through which we pass I ask after the *haddad*. But nobody knows anything about one, even in the village the Sheikh had indicated. I ask a man who is by chance standing near me to show me how a trap is set. One must admit that the device is extremely ingenious and practical: as soon as the animal treads on a round wooden dish, a drawn bow and a loop operate to tie a block of wood to its leg. I get into conversation with the man—he speaks some Arabic—and buy a few arrow-heads. He asks me why I am here and I tell him I am looking for a smith but cannot find one. "What do you want with a smith?" he asks. "He could have made a nice armband for my wife in Khartoum," I reply. "Ah, now you're talking," he says, "I'm the man." To banish my suspicions he offers to show me his smithy. The path leads towards a group of rocks near by, and suddenly we are facing a place which Wagner could not have improved on as scenery for Mime's dwelling. Overturned blocks of stone lie scattered around. Large slabs of rock, fantastically shaped, are thickly overrun with bushes and through the crown of evergreen trees shines the sunny prairie of the valley. It is really a romantic spot. A large slab forms the natural roof of the smithy (Fig. 64). Curious tools are lying about. A couple of burnt clay pots with skin drawn across their mouths serve as bellows. Two boys move these skins rapidly up and down to cause a draught, which reaches the fire through burnt earthenware pipes. Chisels of soft beaten iron and wooden tongs rest near lumps of iron that are used as hammers. He explains to me minutely that European iron is unsuitable because it is too hard and brittle. I ask about



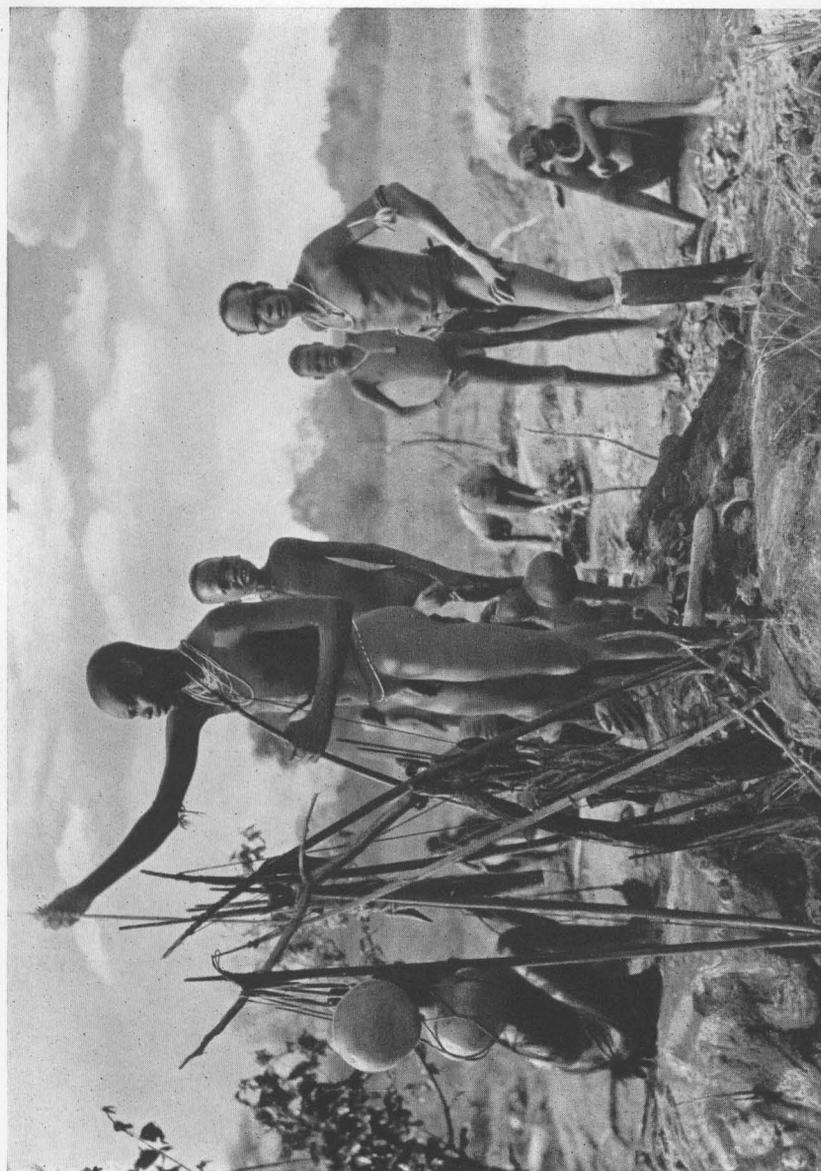
58. Niambara flute-player.



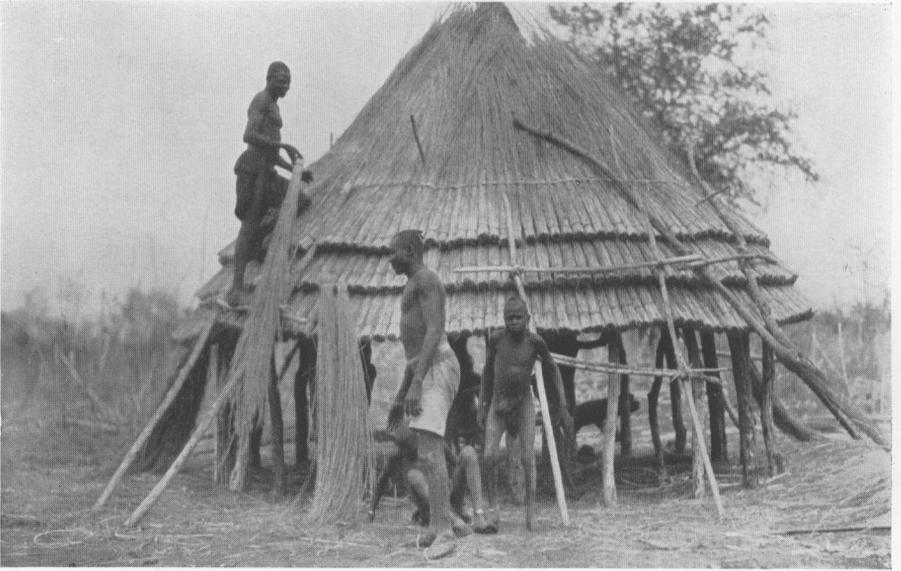
59. Mandari women with lip-pegs.



60. Niambara with flute.



61. Mandari resting at a well.



62. Niambara house.



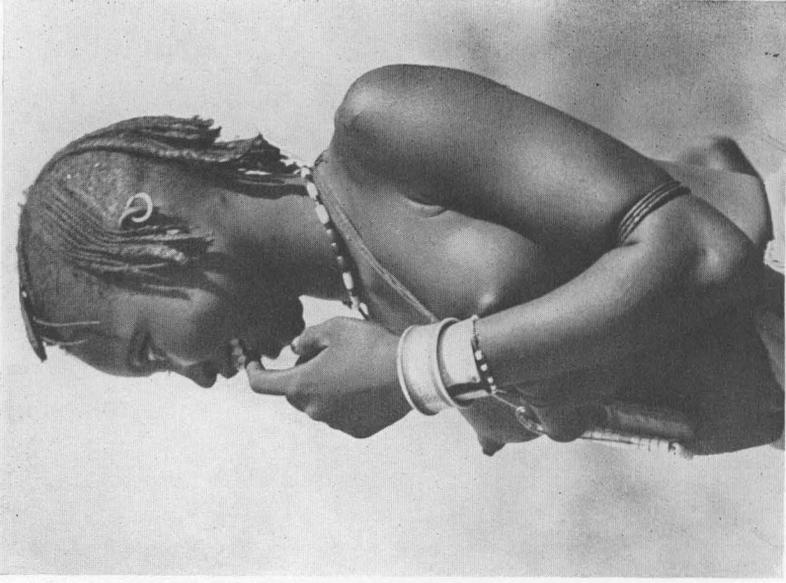
63. Honey, which the Arab traders buy from the natives, is poured into empty petrol tins to be carried away.



64. The Niamusa smith's workshop is under the slab of stone on the right.



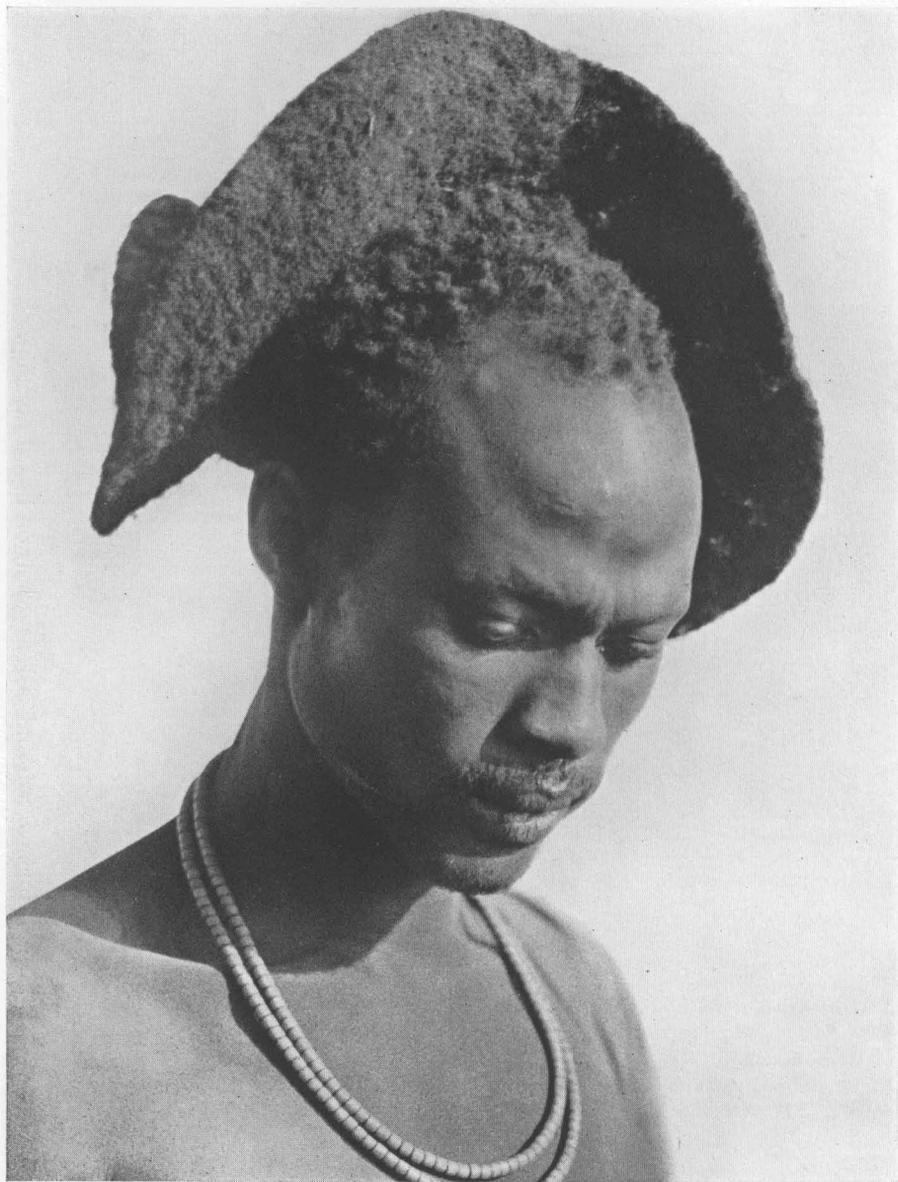
65. Making of a brass arm-band by the Niamusa smith.



66 and 67. Eiliri from the Darnuba Province. The men wear pigtails smeared thick with marrow ; the girls show every sign that these people are a mixture of Arab slaves and negro women.



68. Nuer women and girls as guests on board my ship.



69. The artistic coiffure of the Shilluk takes several years to grow. Only their own hair is used. In order not to damage the coiffure, they use a curiously-shaped wooden head-rest while they sleep.

his work and he tells me that he used to forge arrows and spear-heads, but now European products come cheaper. I profess to have heard in Khartoum that he was a great master in the fabrication of beautiful ornaments and to have come to him specially to order a ring. He swells visibly with pride and gratification. "You shall have it," he says in his broken Arabic, "and you won't easily find a more beautiful one. All the women come to me from far away. What shall the ring be made of, copper or brass?" I decide on brass. "Good," he says. "You get the material and when you bring it I'll start work." Well satisfied I turn home. The filming of the smithy would, I can see, be very difficult in the half-light that reigns in it, but I hope to get quite useful pictures by strong daylight even in this rocky niche with the help of strong lenses.

I had spoken to a Sultan who even to-day is comparatively powerful and influential about organising a net-hunt. This manner of catching animals will soon have died out. The Government, because the people are very successful at it, is at the moment preparing a law forbidding this type of hunting for the protection of game. The road, a good one, brings me nearly to Meridi. I am not allowed to enter Meridi, so I halt exactly before the prohibited area. The ethnographer and the Sheikh accompany me. The latter was at Amadi and is glad of a good opportunity for returning. When we arrive at the place indicated we find a rest-house with banana and papaya trees close by, while pine-apples have actually been planted here. The people are quickly drummed together for the hunt. The nets are made of a mixture of tree fibre and cotton, with meshes five inches square. They are over sixty feet long, five and a half feet high, and fastened to a pole at each end, on which they are rolled up to be carried. Ten of them are brought and boys and men hurry together from all sides. They carry heavy spears with double points, the one long and broad, the other shaped like a chisel. Some also carry clubs. In high spirits

the procession sets out. The Sheikh leads us in person, then come the boys with the nets followed by armed warriors, while the inspector and I bring up the rear. At the brisk pace of the native we forge ahead and reach our destination in about two hours. The boys lay down their burdens on the ground at suitable distances. The men unroll the nets and fasten them to trees and bushes in such a way that they will fall on any animal which runs against them (Fig. 49). They work swiftly and without a sound and soon all the nets are fixed ready to catch. The men hide behind bushes at equal intervals apart to kill the game with spears as soon as it is caught in the nets. The boys meanwhile have formed a wide half-circle, the wings of which point towards the ends of the net. The signal is now given on a negro trumpet. It is answered at once by the shouts and bawling of many voices, from which one gathers that each beater has taken up his position. First the wings advance slowly, then the centre moves towards the net. But already during the preparations the sky has begun to darken and now the wind is freshening. It is blowing from every direction and betraying the whereabouts of the hunters. Suddenly the shouting increases on one side of the chain of beaters in a deafening fashion. The negro next to me looks that way. I ask what has happened. "There are too few of us, sir, and the animals are breaking through at one place." So they are. The beaters slowly appear but the animals have escaped. A troop of Jackson antelopes were being driven but managed to break out in time. A hurricane now sets in and the rain clouds are already here. As I have no change of clothes I strip, put on my bathing drawers and roll my things together into a tight bundle. With this pack I make for home, followed by the porters, who have got the leather dark slides for my camera on their heads. An English inspector who lives in the rest-house opens his eyes wide when he sees me approaching in this get-up, but I am glad to be able to put on dry clothes.

Later, as the rain has knocked off, I ask the Sheikh if there

is a potter here, because I am interested in that work. An hour afterwards I am taken to a woman who makes pottery. It is surprising to see that she does not use a wheel, but forms the curves by hand with amazing skill. In a few minutes a pot is finished (Fig. 54).

In this village, as everywhere, "charms" are hung in front of the huts. One is particularly interesting: its purpose is to avert the wind so that it shall not betray the elephant hunters to their quarry. We also see some pretty musical instruments—a small wooden piano with eight little rods as strings and a plucking instrument distantly reminiscent of a guitar. The back is made of palm wood, the cover of buffalo hide, a shell serves as bridge and five fatted cotton cords are the strings. The instrument gives a pleasant tone. I am shown some handsome and very good knives, but they were not made here; they are said to have come from the Niam-Niam.

It is time to leave. We try to advance over the sodden roads. As I am driving close to a *tukul* in one village a loud cry rings out. Gasmasid had fastened a heavy, sharp-edged lance that I had bought crosswise to the back of the car. I had not noticed it and the keen blade has slit the thin woven side of the *tukul*. It might have been worse, for the lance could easily have cut somebody's head off. An empty petrol tin pacifies the owner of the *tukul* and without further mishap we get to Amadi.

In the night it rains again. In the morning a poisonous snake appears, driven by the water out of a hole in the rest-house which has been its home. The people refuse to kill it. "If we kill it, its brothers and sisters will come and bite us." Not being of those who fear a vendetta from the snake family, I do the killing myself. The reptile is thrown out into the court to be pounced on by the fowls and in a few minutes it has been entirely gobbled up.

Magic plays an important part among the natives, and the medicine-men, who are old persons of both sexes, are held in high honour. The people believe so firmly in their powers

that the most amazing things do happen through auto-suggestion. Some persons, convinced that they have been bewitched, give up eating and die. Another man limps and believes that he has been condemned by magic to do so, with the result that he gradually loses the use of his limbs. One man was robbed of some cattle and got a medicine-man to bewitch the thief. The thief heard of it, went to the medicine-man and at the price of handing over his possessions bought his release from the charm. On the other hand, it is often easy for European doctors with the help of a little magic to cure sick people. But it may be imagined how banefully this faith works. A European caught a leopard in a trap and told his servant to kill it. The man refused and explained that the animal was his totem and he would go blind if he saw it die. The white man shot it before the negro's eyes. The native was in despair and next day his eyes were completely swollen.

While we are at Amadi a caravan of porters arrives. A mining engineer who has been looking for ore is on his way back after finishing his task. We clear one part of the rest-house and observe the new-comer. He is at once recognisable as an old hand in Africa. He never raises his voice, his orders are given quietly but clearly in the language of his servants, most of them Moru; he has a whistle for each one and at these short signals the one required promptly runs to him. His baggage is dirty and the worse for long marches on the porters' heads. He gives forty porters their instructions almost without one's noticing it, and yet every man knows exactly what he has to do. His servants are a lot of boys of eleven to thirteen and they read every wish in his eyes. It is a well-known fact that negroes of this age make the best servants. When they begin to take an interest in girls, it is best to settle up with them and send them home, for one will not have much more satisfaction from them.

One day I visit the Moru (Biti) on the road to Tali. In order to film one of their original dances I had spoken to the

chief of these villages who, like all the Sheikhs, lives at Amadi and asked him to go on ahead and announce a dance. He explained that this was impossible as the head Sheikh would not allow him to go. I now sent to the latter and, as I had expected, he did not refuse the *kawaga's* request. Made wise by earlier experiences, I put the Sheikh at once into my car and take him towards his villages thirteen miles away. He thus has no chance of receiving contrary orders in secret, and I have every reason to expect that the preparations we have agreed on will really be made. On the day announced we appear in the villages. The chief himself lives in an establishment lying apart. The villages are scattered around. We see girls and men everywhere busy with their housework. There is evidently no prospect of a feast to-day. The Sheikh excuses himself: they have unfortunately not been able to prepare anything because the big drum is unusable and the neighbouring villages are unwilling to lend theirs. I invite him into the car and in no time we reach those alleged unfriendly villages, where it transpires that the Sheikh had refused to let their inhabitants join in the dance because he wanted to drink the quantities of *merissa* for which he had already received money from me with his own people alone. The big drum is now brought at once and transported in the car together with the smartest people of the villages. In the meantime the population proceeds in a long trail towards the place of pleasure. The big drum is hung up in a large open space with smaller ones beside it. The first sounds bring out the natives in masses. While this is going on I take a look at the huts. In front of them little holes have been dug in the earth in the form of a chess-board, with nuts as pieces for the game. Two negroes are completely absorbed in the complicated game (Fig. 56). Around them peewits have collected, whose twitching facial movements are as well worth seeing as the tense expression of the players. Near the village a leopard snare is set and baited with a living fowl. It is remarkable that a leopard should

allow itself to be caught in such a primitive wooden contraption, but the ethnographer assures me that he has seen a leopard in such a trap.

The dance now starts. The rhythmical swaying and turning of the chain of men in front of the girls who are dancing with rattles is already familiar to me. I watch them till noon, then I flee from the heat into my car. A long stream of people approach; in front six women with huge earthenware jugs on their heads, behind them warriors in full array and girls all agog for the dance. They have gathered round me. What a chattering and jostling, laughing and joking! It gives me a good opportunity of studying the various types. The girls wear a *rahat* made of goats' toe-bones or of nut-like brown fruits which are fastened on with iron or copper rings. Heavy rattles of the same material hang round their ankles. The neck and head are adorned with chains of beads, in which red prevails, though there are also blue chains. Some possess chains of finely-wrought iron, small brass rods or dogs' teeth. The body is thickly smeared with ochre and fat, the chest and face are sprinkled with small white seeds (Fig. 51). The men have strips of hide wound round their ankles, a cloth apron and armbands, and are armed with bows and arrows. Some dandies wear long feathers on their heads which wag skittishly from side to side with every movement. I try to buy some of the objects and succeed. I notice a pipe on one man's back of the kind we had tried in vain to get hold of among the Niambara. The man refuses to sell it. Everyone urges him to oblige us; at last he weakens and the pipe is stowed away in the car. But the man turns up again and demands his pipe back; it was not his, the owner has just returned and does not want to sell it. I have heard that one before. I get Gasmasid to start the engine and take my leave with some haste.

The next few days take us through hilly, stony country, also peopled by Moru. In and near the villages round stone pyramids stand out, some well over a man's height; on the

top of each a large stone slab is always fixed, sometimes pointing east, sometimes west. The natives explain that they are graves. The pyramid is piled up over the head of the corpse. If the stone slab points eastwards it is a man's grave, if the other way, a woman's. The explanation they give of this curious custom is the following. At sunrise the warrior gets up, goes to the door of his hut and looks eastward to see if the weather is suitable for hunting. But in the evening the woman, before her husband's return, looks at the sun so as to prepare their supper in good time. She therefore faces the west.